

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXI—NUMBER 14

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1925.

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DELIGHTFUL PICNIC

The charming and hospitable summer home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Russell, Camp Samoset, on Songo Pond, was headquarters for an old fashioned picnic last Thursday.

Thirty-one members and friends of the Ladies' Club congregated there and enjoyed a day of rest and recreation. The entire house and porches presented a picture of welcome with huge pots of flowers and a profusion of hanging baskets of bougainvillea.

The famous cooks of the society lived up to tradition and at noon time the tables groined with their load of excellent viands.

Some of the venturesome ones took a "trip" in the pond but for the most part the day was spent in pleasant sociability and good cheer.

Mrs. Russell was assisted in entertaining by her daughter, Miss Adelaide. The picnic was a happy success and will be long remembered as a red letter day in the annals of the Club.

CHASE-FOSTER

Harry Edgar Chase of Bethel and Agnes Mary Foster of Newry were united in marriage at Rumford, Sunday, July 19. Rev. D. B. Holt was the officiating clergyman, using the impressive double ring service.

Mr. Chase is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Chase of South Bethel and is well known in Bethel. He is working in a garage at Rumford.

Mrs. Chase is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Foster of Sunday River. She is a graduate of Gould Academy and has taught schools for the past two years.

SWAN-WHITMAN

Mr. Porter E. Swan and Miss Vera Whitman were united in marriage at the home of Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Young at Bryant's Pond, Saturday evening.

Mr. Swan is a resident of Bryant's Pond where he is engineer at Mann's mill. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swan of Bethel.

Mrs. Swan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elvira E. Whitman of Bryant's Pond. She graduated from Woodstock High School in the class of 1924, and has been employed at Mann's mill for some time.

These present at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Elvira E. Whitman and family of Bryant's Pond; Mrs. Charles Swan and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Davis and daughter, Catherine, of Bethel, and Eugene Swan of Andover.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE NORTH NEWRY CHURCH

Children's Day program at the Union Church, North Newry, Sunday, July 12. Rev. "God Bless Our School," School Recitation, "Children are Like Sunbeams," Eva Baker.

Prayer, "Garden Greeting," Dora Baker. Recitation, "Jesus Bids Us Shine," Bertha Rogers.

Recitation, "The Little Ones Hymn," Stanley Bryant. Recitation, "What Dainties Tell Me," Erva Vail.

Recitation, "Children's Day," Howard Bryant. Song, "Remember the Great Creator," Daniel Wright.

Recitation, "My Creed," Helen Bryant. "Flag for Christ and Country," Dorothy Baker.

"The First Children's Day," Alice Baker. Prayer, "What Can We Do," 5 Boys.

Recitation, "The up-to-date Boy," Gerald Bryant. Song, "Swing Little Blossoms," Girls.

Recitation, "Daffodils," Ruth Brink. Song, "Precious Jewels," School. Devotion to the children by the minister. Mrs. McKen's.

WEDDING RECEPTION

The wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitman was held at Newry Union Church, Saturday evening, July 18. Tickets to the number of two hundred and fifty were in attendance.

The hall was very prettily decorated with flowers and bunting. A fine orchestra played during the evening.

After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Whitman left for their home at Newry. The wedding was a happy success and will be long remembered as a red letter day in the annals of the Church.

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

CHINA

Whatever Secretary of State Kellogg does in regard to China will undoubtedly be "Chinese" to most everybody in the United States, except a few Senators and editorial writers. Uncle Sam has been helping China ever since the first pioneer American diplomat climbed the Chinese Wall.

OF FIRST IMPORTANCE

Even though President Coolidge had not gone to Swampscott it is doubtful whether he would have been able to center the eyes of the Nation on the affairs of the Government at Washington. Tennessee has the right and once again a Southern State is in full possession of its supreme rights.

THE POSTAL PAY ROLL

The Post Office Department will have a deficit of approximately \$40,000,000 for the fiscal year 1925. In Washington they are saying it is due to the increase of salaries for postal workers provided by the last Congress, which has changed postal rates. There have been deficits practically every year since the Civil War, and the only difference in the present one is that there is a new coat to lay it on.

A PAPER MAJORITY

The good old Washington Post, which is editorially a staunch "administration organ," in commenting upon the probability of Simon D. Fess of Ohio becoming chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee to succeed Senator Curtis of Kansas, says that "if the Republicans can hold the seats they now have they will retain their present paper majority and will likely consider themselves fortunate." It is comforting to have "administration organs" finally conceding what this paper has been the condition of the United States Senate following last November's national election.

REFUSES TO LEAD

It is quite characteristic of Senator Norris of Nebraska to refuse the leadership of the "progressive bloc" in the Senate. Norris habitually declines to lead, but he has always been first among those who follow whenever assaults have been made upon the regular Republican majority in the Senate. Norris is a grounded Progressive, and popular with the Senators.

THE DRIFT FROM THE FARM

Years ago the best editorial and reporter pens and typewriters manufactured east from arguments in favor of the "back to the farm movement." But this appears to have been strictly a "paper movement" and not one that succeeded in keeping the boys on father's extensive acres. The farm population in the United States continues to decrease and there were 233,000 fewer people in the farm population last year than five years ago. Meantime, of course, the total population of the country has been increasing at a far greater rate than that shown by this particular decrease. Between 1910 and 1920 the proportion of rural population decreased in every State in the Union with the exception of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. In the agricultural regions the problem of farm labor continues to be disturbing to that great basic industry.

PARADOXICAL

Strange as it may seem while the number of farmers decrease the number of farms increase. There were 6,361,502 farms in the United States in 1910; and in 1920 there were 6,449,343. At the same time the average size of farms increased, so that the total area of agricultural land was greater. The more farms, the smaller the farms; the more farms, the smaller the farms; the more farms, the smaller the farms. This seems paradoxical; yet there appears to be an explanation in the introduction of machine power on a larger scale than ever before known to the agricultural world. The farm tractor, motor trucks, internal combustion engines, electric and hydroelectric devices fairly "eat up the work" on the farm.

Notwithstanding these economic and industrial changes there would be joy in the hearts of the old editorial and reporter advocates of the "back to the farm movement," if they could see any chances for their prophesies being fulfilled.

Thousands of young men who have forsaken what they call the drudgery of the farm work are now scattered and scattered with grace from their heads to their heels while doing about the drudgery work that there is to be done about repairing automobiles.

GARRON MONOXIDE

Scientific men of the Bureau of Mines and of the Fixed Nitrogen Research Laboratory have actually determined that there is enough carbon monoxide in the air in various parts of New York City to impair the health of those who breathe it.

(Continued on page 2)

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Annie McLean of Gorham, N. H., is visiting Mrs. E. O. Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Staples of Rumford were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Herlick.

Mr. and Mrs. Nahum Monie and daughter have returned from an extended trip through Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmon Jordan from Libborn were guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jordan, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred French of Portland were in town a few days last week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Fox.

Dr. Frank Brown and family of Portland are guests of Mrs. John Philbrook at the farm at North Bethel.

Mr. E. B. Whitman of West Bethel is clerking in the L. W. Russell Co. store during Mr. Russell's absence.

Mr. T. I. Brown and family enjoyed a few days last week in Portland, Scarborough, and also visited the islands.

Master Wendell Ring of West Paris has been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall, the past week.

Mrs. Ida Douglas entertained Mrs. H. A. Douglas and Mrs. Joseph and son, Harry, from Portland a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Smith and Mrs. Anna French were in Monmouth, Sunday, guests of Dr. and Mrs. George W. Twitcheell.

Miss Louisa Pike has returned to Conway, N. H., after spending some time with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gotthard Carlson and family of Milton, Mass., are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Carlson's mother, Mrs. E. D. Thell.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall and Mrs. Elva Ring and two children of West Paris were in Kittery, Sunday, to see Mrs. Ethel Prince.

Mr. P. J. VanRosen of Grand Rapids, Mich., arrived Saturday to spend two weeks with his family at the home of Mrs. Emma Merrill.

Mrs. Charles Adams of Medford, Mass., and Mrs. Stephen Palmer of Everett, Mass., were last week's guests of their sister, Mrs. Ernest Cross.

During the thunder shower last Saturday the fire whistle was put out of commission by lightning. It is expected that it will be in working order in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Green and two children of Livermore and Mrs. Maud Rice were Sunday guests at P. J. Tye's. Mrs. Green and children remained for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker of Berlin, N. H., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chapman. Monday, Mrs. Chapman and son, Manning, accompanied them to Lewiston and returned.

Theodore (Shorty) Shind, who is employed by Marshall Hastings has been in town the past week receiving medical treatment. Mr. Shind was poisoned by using a fly ointment. His face and neck were considerably swollen but he is improving.

Master Halcione, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Halcione of Middlebury, was badly burned last Friday afternoon while playing with a blow torch. The torch exploded and the gasoline was thrown over his clothing and they were partially burned. He is now in the hospital and is recovering.

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(Continued on page 2)

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT MIDDLE INTERVALE COMMUNITY GET-TOGETHER

Excellent Banquet on Piazza. Mrs. Wiley Tolls of Early Days When Carter Homestead Was In The Center of Things. Stories.

Automobiles from Bethel and Swan's Hill brought together, at the old Carter homestead, Thursday, July 16, a happy company of people, young and old, although the oldest of the party showed themselves young in spirit, at least.

Early in the afternoon the ladies met and served. Near five o'clock machines began to arrive until the large dooryard was nearly full. Piano and victrola music was enjoyed. Tables were set on the back piazza under the supervision of Miss Mianie Capen so that people would not be disappointed in losing the opportunity to eat outdoor.

The good, wholesome odor of baked beans and the aroma of palatable coffee in the air made it very difficult for everyone to wait until supper time. All the children were hungry as soon as they stepped into the house. Mrs. Fannie Carter and all her neighbors spared no pains in securing the nicest things possible to eat. Baked beans, salad dressing, and oh what nice custard and lemon pie and cake!

Guests were shown over the large beautiful old house. Mrs. Mary Wiley showed and explained the family picture taken just before the Civil War (1863). "Only two in the picture are living today," she said. "Herbert Carter and myself." She explained that after the picture taking she felt like the foolish girl who, after the minister had tied the knot said, "I'm darned glad it is over."

Pictures of the North Country were exhibited by Mr. Herbert Carter who told of the work of his son, Mr. John Carter.

The large rooms, the old fashioned furniture and the general staidness of the Carter homestead caused every one to admire and many to exclaim: "I would not want the task of keeping such a large house in order."

In spite of the rain every one enjoyed the afternoon and evening at Middle Intervale.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

Chapman Street

Sunday School at 10:00 A. M.

Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. Charles Eastman, Minister

Preaching services at 10:45 A. M.

The Minister will preach on the subject, "The Profitableness of Religion."

This will be the last service before vacation time. It is to be hoped that all members and friends of the Church will be present at this service.

Next Wednesday afternoon the Ladies' Circle will hold their annual sale. There is to be a special attraction of a Dutch novelty table. Genuine Dutch china imported directly from Holland will be for sale, there also will be several articles of Dutch wood carving. Some of these articles will be on display in the show window of Miss L. M. Bryant's store and Bossmann's Drug Store early next week.

During August our church will be closed. All Universalists are invited to attend visitation day services at the following places:

Aug. 2, Turner Centre.

Speaker, Rev. G. W. Shaw.

Aug. 6, Waterford.

Speaker, Rev. A. T. Townsend.

Aug. 16, Rumford Point.

Speaker, Rev. Stanley Manning.

Aug. 23, Bryant's Pond.

Speaker, Rev. C. Miller.

Aug. 30, West Sumner or Greenville.

Speaker, Rev. C. Miller.

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

10:00 A. M. Preaching service. Rev. C. Miller.

11:00 A. M. "Our Daily Bread."

1:00 P. M. Sunday School.

7:30 P. M. Preaching service.

On Friday evening of this week the young people will have an outdoor party to which all the young people of the community are invited. Meet at the church at 7 P. M. to go on a "mystery foot."

METHODIST CHURCH

The Singing Church

Rev. C. B. Oliver, Pastor

10:45: Morning worship with special music by the choir. We hope to have the Methodist Male Quartette again very soon, perhaps it will be on the coming Sunday. Sermon subjects: "When Do We Appreciate?"

12:00 o'clock: Session of the Church School. General Superintendent Mr. P. C. Lapham; Department Superintendents:

GRANGE NEWS

BEAR RIVER GRANGE

Regular meeting of Bear River Grange, No. 255, was held Saturday evening, July 11, at 8:45. As it was young people's night the chairs were filled as follows: W. M., Arnold Ames; O. E. Seer, F. J. French; Lecturer, Catherine Hutchins; A. S., Bertha Rogers; L. A., Ida Wight; Steward, Ezra Chapman; Chaplain, Vaughn Vail; Flora, Doris Morton; Ceres, Genie Saunders; Pomona, Susan Wight; G. K., Arthur Stearns.

Grange opened in form and minutes of last meeting read. Under new business Grange voted to have a fair this fall, the date to be Saturday, Sept. 25. Officers for same chosen by written ballot. Grange appointed to sort and count votes. Officers elected as follows:

President—E. E. Bennett.

Vice President—Ernest Holt.

Secretary—L. E. Wight.

Treasurer—C. F. Saunders.

A communication from John Briggs of Canton was read in regard to the State Master visiting Bear River Grange the seventeenth of October. Grange instructed Lecturer to write Mr. Briggs that we would be pleased to have the State Master visit us on that date.

Grange voted to give Brother and Sister Briggs the use of the hall Saturday evening, July 18, for their wedding reception.

The Grange was closed in form after which the following program was given by the young folks:

Music, encore, Mrs. Barker, Mary Barker and Addison Saunders.

Recitation, encore, Doris Morton.

Patriotic exercise by children and young people.

The play, "From Down East," given by Mr. and Mrs. Frankie Vail, Katherine Hutchins, Doris Morton and Arnold Ames was much enjoyed by all.

Eurore, song, "Tired of Living Alone," by characters of play.

Recitation, "Smiling," Rosie Sweet.

Piano solo, encore, Ruth Bennett.

Refreshments of lemonade and sandwiches were served.

Roll call for next meeting. "Why I like to live in Maine."

BETHEL GRANGE

A very interesting meeting of Bethel Grange was held Thursday evening, July 16, which was observed as Children's night. The following program was carried out:

Piano solo, encore, Sylvia Merrill.

Recitation, Gilbert Brown.

Violin solo, Constance Thomas, Andover.

Recitation, Leslie Merrill.

Song by six girls.

Recitation, Vivian Berry.

Recitation, Eldora Merrill.

Dialogue, "What we shall do when we are women," Six Girls.

Recitation, Trafton Bartlett.

Recitation, Rodney Howe, E. Bethel.

Flag Drill by eight girls.

Recitation, Eldredge Berry.

Dialogue, "The Three Grandmothers," Sylvia Merrill, Marjorie Berry and Barbara Heath.

Recitation, Mr. H. I. Bean, Adult; Miss Edna Bean, Young People; Miss Marlan Bean, Juniors; Mrs. Ada Tyler, Little Folks.

Visit the Primary and Beginners Department next Sunday, just for fun!

At 6:15 the Epworth League holds forth in the parlor. Pathfinders or Pioneers of the Bible constitute the general July subject.

Evening, 7:30 worship. Special music, Devotional topic.

Tuesday evening, (First bell 7:15), worship at 7:30 o'clock. Worker's Conference 8:15. 1. Business; 2. Pradle Ho program.

It is a very good sign to see people larger and visit after the evening or daytime hours of worship.

LOCKE'S MILLS CHURCH

Rev. Chester H. Oliver, Minister

At 8 o'clock next Sunday, July 26, Holy Communion will be observed. This will be the fourth Sunday morning hour of worship. We like it. Young and old are urged to remain to the evening or daytime hours of worship.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. S. T. Ashbach, Minister

Thursday, July 23, 8 o'clock: Meeting of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. Partridge.

Sunday, July 26:

10:45: Service conducted by the pastor, who will speak on "The Tree."

12:00: Church School.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Parker and two daughters of Crystal, N. H. and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Parker and three sons of Livermore Falls were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Blinn.

LOCAL COURT NEWS

Sheriff Torrey of Paris with two deputies, Billings of Woodstock and Bennett of Bethel, raided the place on the Middle Intervale road, formerly occupied by Sam Badger, on Thursday night, and found Guy Perkins and Mrs. Tennant occupying the house. The deputies also found a five gallon jar and a one gallon can of "brew." Perkins and Mrs. Tennant were brought to the jail at Bethel. At the trial Friday morning Perkins pleaded guilty to cohabitation and illegal manufacture of intoxicating liquor, and he was placed under bonds of \$1,000 on each count. Probable cause was found against Mrs. Tennant on the cohabitation charge and she was placed under bonds of \$1,000. These cases will be brought up before the October term of the supreme judicial court.

Both furnished bail.

SHERIFF BENNETT AFTER LAW BREAKERS

Sheriff Bennett of Bethel, who is also a game warden, has during the past two weeks landed four men in court for breaking the game laws besides acting in his capacity as sheriff.

He had George Stevens of Bridgton before A. D. Park at Paris and Mr. Stevens paid \$115.00 for the following: Fine of \$20.00, \$20.00 for having 26 fish in excess of the number allowed (\$25), \$20.00 for short fish and costs of, \$32.50.

Bennett also found John Wentworth of Bridgton with too many fish and short ones too, and A. D. Park fined him as follows: Fine, \$20.00; \$11.00 for fish in excess of number allowed; \$55.00 for short fish, and costs of \$32.50, making a total of \$118.50.

Bennett also had Harold Adams of Everett, Mass., before A. D. Park at Paris for breaking the fishing laws, and Mr. Adams drew the following assessments: Fine of \$20.00, \$13.00 for fish in excess of number allowed, \$32.00 for short fish, costs of \$26.00, making a total of \$91.00.

Bennett was called to Mexico last Friday on a complaint that dogs were chasing deer. After investigating the situation Bennett found a dog in a clump of bushes trying to drag the head of a ten point buck deer out. Further investigation and a search of the premises of Leonard Knowlton revealed parts of a deer carcass. Knowlton was arrested for shooting deer in closed season and he was taken before Trial Justice Clifford Small of Rumford, and fined \$50.00 and costs of \$13.25.

On the same day Game Warden John Howard arrested Jarvis Dorr of Mexico for shooting deer in closed season and Trial Justice Small fined him \$50.00 with costs of \$13.25.

FORMER RESIDENT OF BETHEL HONORED

The many Bethel friends of Dr. O. H. Brann of Augusta will be pleased to hear of his election as chairman of the Augusta Board of Education. Dr. Brann was at one time associated with the late Dr. P. B. Tuell in the dental business. We quote the following from the Portland Sunday Telegram of July 19:

Especially pleasing is the election of Dr. Oscar H. Brann, local dentist, as chairman of the Augusta Board of Education, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Frank Hewins. Dr. Brann is a member of the board from Ward 7, succeeding Horace A. Coburn, who resigned two years ago.

Dr. Brann is a graduate of Cony High School of this city and Tatla Dental College. He is married and has three children attending the public schools. For many years he has been interested in educational matters and at present is the president of the Williams School Parent Teacher Association.

FRANK YOUNG

Word was received in town Monday of the sudden death of Frank Young at Portland, Monday morning.

Mr. Young was the youngest son of the late Hiram and Olive C. Young and was born in Bethel. Most of his life was spent in Massachusetts with the exception of the last few years which have been spent in Portland.

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Hopkins, who resides in California. The remains were brought to Bethel Wednesday, where funeral services were held. Burial was in the family lot at Woodlawn cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. VanKammen and daughter, Estelle, Mrs. Harriet Merrill and Mr. P. B. Merrill motored to New Manchester, Sunday, and enjoyed a shore excursion.

MAINE WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

Augusta—Gov. Brewster to launch campaign for development of hard-wood industry in Maine.

Portland—Street at Longfellow square to be widened to eliminate traffic congestion.

Rockville—Ten room bungalow being erected on Hobbins farm.

Presque Isle—Farmers' Factory grinding an average of 1,600 barrels of potatoes per day.

Madawaska—Construction of Fraser paper mill resulting in boom throughout entire district.

Portland—Modern playground to be established for children in Danforth street district.

Biddeford—Definite plans under way for installation of power and lighting systems here.

Dover—Genius Remond Co. of Dexter opens local branch store.

Bangor—Brick garage to be erected on Main street.

Brunswick—Boardman chapter of Alpha Delta Phi formally opens new house.

Portland—Y. M. C. A. planning construction of \$400,000 building.

Madawaska—Modern gasoline filling station going up at West Broadway and Park street.

Bangor—Work on Bangor Community Hospital well under way.

Portland—Garage building and brick sidewalk to be laid on Thruway Street in vicinity of Deering high school.

Bangor—Maine Telephone & Telegraph Co. authorized to issue \$200,000 bond issue of which \$100,000 will be used for further extension of improvement of facilities.

Portland—Five hundred watt radio broadcasting station to be installed in Bangor Hyatt Hotel.

Bangor—Central bus station enlarged and improved.

Bangor—Thirty thousand red spot trout from Thompson fish hatchery planted in Bangor Pond.

Portland—First Street being paved.

Augusta—Place under way for construction of new road from this section of Maine to coast cities of Portland Bay.

Bangor—New two-story road being constructed here.

Bangor—Green Vista Hotel, entirely renovated and remodeled, opened under new management.

Winterville—Pollock Paint Company planning to open local factory.

Portland—Construction of \$100,000 Y. M. C. A. building practically completed.

Bangor—Allen property being cleared in readiness for establishment of fish smoking industry.

Calais—Plans being drawn for erection of new Municipal bridge.

Augusta—New brickware building being erected at Camp Kays, state museum site.

Lakewood—J. J. Peacock Canning Co. resuming operations after short shut-down.

Portland—Baxter Boulevard being reconstructed between Washington Ave. and Bates Street.

Southport—Hotels throughout this district opening for 1925 season.

Portland—Two new playgrounds added to city's system.

Augusta—State highway department to award contracts for two new projects in southwestern part of Maine.

Portland—Maxfield Oil Company to start 2,000 gallon gasoline tank at Camp Kays.

Portland—Immediate construction of new bridge at South Hill over tracks of Portland Terminal Company authorized.

FARM POPULATION DECLINED DURING 1924

The farm population of the United States decreased approximately 187,000 during 1924, according to estimates based on a survey of 25,000 agricultural farms made recently by the United States Department of Agriculture. This is a slight decrease from the 1923 year, when the farm population was 1,000,000 compared with 1,018,000 in 1923. The survey was made by the United States Department of Agriculture, and the results are as follows:

The decrease in farm population was due to a number of factors, including the migration of farm families to cities, the death of farm families, and the migration of farm families to other parts of the country.

The migration of farm families to cities was the most important factor in the decline of farm population. This was due to the fact that many farm families were seeking better living conditions in the cities.

The death of farm families was also a factor in the decline of farm population. This was due to the fact that many farm families were dying of old age or disease.

The migration of farm families to other parts of the country was also a factor in the decline of farm population. This was due to the fact that many farm families were seeking better living conditions in other parts of the country.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Jameson Finney of Dixfield was in town, Wednesday.

Miss Gladys Wells of Locke's Mills is employed at Maple Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Upson were in Portland a few days last week.

Mrs. Bert Bennett and daughter, Vivian, of Gilead were calling on friends in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Frothingham and Miss Ruth Linton of South Paris were at T. L. Linton's, Sunday.

Mrs. Warren Martin of Harrison is spending the week with her son, D. T. Martin, and family.

Mrs. Bertha Harding has returned to her work at Mrs. Estelle Goodridge's.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Martin and children of Bridgton and Mrs. Arthur Hays and son of Harrison were in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood, Mrs. Keniston and Mrs. Laura Procter of Norway were callers at Ervin Hutchinson's, Sunday. Mrs. Procter remained for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sorenson of Portland were week end guests of Mrs. Mellen Whitman.

The family of J. L. Perry is quarantined with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Earle Jordan is visiting friends in Waterford.

Miss Helen Black of Portland is visiting Miss Libbie Lynde Goodridge.

Miss Clara Linton is spending a few weeks in South Paris with her sister, Miss Ruth Linton.

Miss Josephine Lowell is assisting in the home of Mrs. E. B. Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. David Burnham, Mrs. Angie Bean and Mrs. Inez Bean called on relatives in town, Monday.

Miss Ida Stiles and brother, Ralph, were guests of Mrs. J. L. Perry, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cole of Florida have arrived at their cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis and daughter were in Old Orchard, Sunday.

Mr. E. C. Park was a business visitor in Portland a few days last week.

Mrs. S. T. Ackenbach went to Averill, Vermont last week to spend a few days.

Miss Vannie Oakes of Freeport is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf.

Mr. L. W. Ramsell is enjoying a vacation from the L. W. Ramsell Co. store.

Mr. A. W. West of Waterville, Me. is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Copeland.

Judge H. H. Hastings and E. C. Park, Esq., attended Probate Court at South Paris, Tuesday.

Mrs. Amelia Grover and Francis Randall of Hyde Park, Mass., are stopping at Eli Stearns'.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Jameson Finney of Dixfield was in town, Wednesday.

Miss Gladys Wells of Locke's Mills is employed at Maple Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Upson were in Portland a few days last week.

Mrs. Bert Bennett and daughter, Vivian, of Gilead were calling on friends in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Frothingham and Miss Ruth Linton of South Paris were at T. L. Linton's, Sunday.

Mrs. Warren Martin of Harrison is spending the week with her son, D. T. Martin, and family.

Mrs. Bertha Harding has returned to her work at Mrs. Estelle Goodridge's.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Martin and children of Bridgton and Mrs. Arthur Hays and son of Harrison were in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood, Mrs. Keniston and Mrs. Laura Procter of Norway were callers at Ervin Hutchinson's, Sunday. Mrs. Procter remained for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sorenson of Portland were week end guests of Mrs. Mellen Whitman.

The family of J. L. Perry is quarantined with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Earle Jordan is visiting friends in Waterford.

Miss Helen Black of Portland is visiting Miss Libbie Lynde Goodridge.

Miss Clara Linton is spending a few weeks in South Paris with her sister, Miss Ruth Linton.

Miss Josephine Lowell is assisting in the home of Mrs. E. B. Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. David Burnham, Mrs. Angie Bean and Mrs. Inez Bean called on relatives in town, Monday.

Miss Ida Stiles and brother, Ralph, were guests of Mrs. J. L. Perry, Friday.

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Look Young

Feel Young!

With sound health and good digestion you feel able to carry out any job ahead of you successfully. The true "L.F." ATWOOD'S Medicine begins with the digestion in the stomach and bowels, keeps the whole digestive tract free of impurities, and induces a regular and normal condition of strength and vigor, an active mind, clear head, bright eyes, and the ruddy glow of health.

By using it regularly you will avoid biliousness, sick headache, dyspepsia and constipation. Keep yourself fit and you will have fewer colds, less sickness, do more and better work and find the world a good place after all. Any dealer has it. Big bottle 50 cents.

Only 1 cent a dose

L. F. Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

New 15¢ size, by mail, if not at your dealer's.

Scythes Snaths

Rakes

Hay Fork Rope

Pitch Forks

D. G. Brooks

BETHEL, MAINE

OUR ANNUAL GREEN TAG SALE

Began Saturday Morning, July 18

at 8.30 o'clock.

This is our first

Big Clearance Sale

of the summer and we are offering hundreds of seasonable items at unusually low prices, in many cases less than the cost to manufacturers.

In every department will be reductions of interest to thrifty shoppers. Special goods reduced regardless of cost, to give you worthwhile savings.

In this sale at reduced prices will be

Coats Suits Dresses Waists
Under-muslins Hosiery Gloves
Ginghams Wash Goods Crash
Muslin Curtains Remnants Silks

Kitchen Utensils

and many small groups at less than half price.

FRED S. BROWN

Norway, Maine

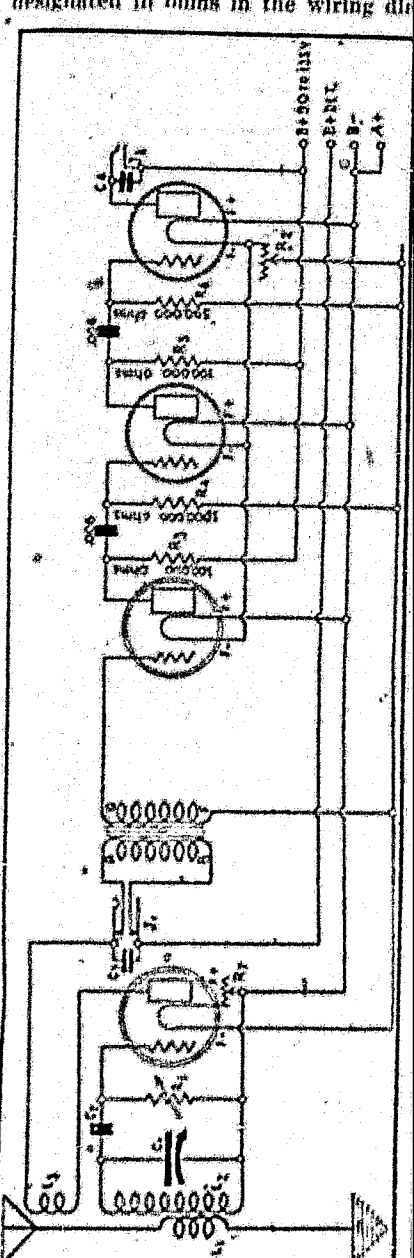


By BREWSTER LEE, In Radio World.

One of the favorite combinations of audio-frequency amplification with fans who are strong for volume at quality embodies one stage of transformer coupling and two stages of resistance coupling. The advantage of this type of audio-amplification is that there is an all-sufficient voltage step up in the first stage, and when the signal is further amplified this is accompanied without sacrifice of quality.

The volume is all that anyone could ask. Especially when a type of loud speaker is used that reveals the slightest trace of distortion, this audio hookup will function without offending the speaker's sensibilities.

Used with the popular 3-circuit tuner this combination of audio-amplification is eminently satisfactory. The resistances used in the audio stages are designated in ohms in the wiring diagram.



Three-Circuit Tuner With Three Stages Audio-Frequency Amplification.

gram, R4 and R5 are grid leaks, and you may have the 1 megohm leak R4 around the house, also the .5 megohm grid leak R5. R3 and R5 are .1 megohm.

Coils for the Set.

The variocoupler L1L2L3 may be a standard 3-circuit coupler, tuned by C1, a .005 mfd. variable condenser, normally 23 plates. Use vernier for the condenser dial. A coupler may be constructed at home by winding L1L2 on a 3/4" diameter tubing 4" high, using No. 20 double silk covered wire. The primary L1 consists of 10 turns. Light next to it, an close as possible, wind 43 turns for the secondary. Lenses or any other form of winding, consisting of 25 turns of No. 20 single silk covered wire on a 1/4" diameter form 2 1/2" high. Lenses (blanket weave) winding may be used throughout, with the same mean diameters preserved, with larger wire used only for L1 and L2. No. 18 double cotton covered wire is good for

When Wiring May Be Cause of Distortion

Distortion in audio-frequency amplifiers is frequently the result of undesirable coupling between the input and output leads of the transformers and tubes. This condition may be caused by a high pitched whistle or squeal, or may even be present in an oscillation that is above the limit of audible vibration.

When the audio-frequency side of the set oscillates in this manner, full amplification cannot be obtained, and what does occur is badly distorted. The trouble may be overcome by several methods, one of which will be successful in nearly all cases. The standard side of the set may be grounded, which will have the effect of damping the oscillation. Another method is to reverse the leads to the primary of the first transformer.

These remedies will be unnecessary if the transformers are well separated and kept out of magnetic relation. The wire connections should be shortened to an absolute minimum.

Causes of Noise

Noises that continue in the set after the serial has been disconnected may be caused by imperfect contact in the phone cord which becomes frayed with use. Imperfect connections in the storage battery, worn-out dry-cells and dirty contacts.

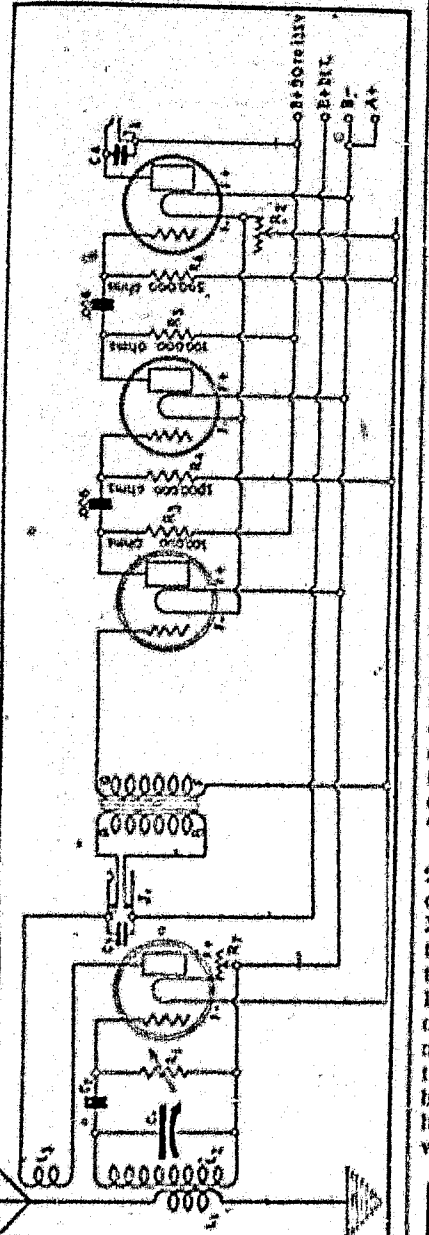
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Three-Circuit Tuner With Three Stages
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Coils for the Set.
The ratio-coupler L1L2L3 may be a standard 3-circuit coupled, tuned by C1, a .005 mfd. variable condenser, normally 23 plates. Use vernier for the condenser dial. A coupler may be constructed at home by winding L1L2 on a 3/4" diameter tubing 4" high, using No. 20 double silk covered wire. The primary L1 consists of 10 turns. Right next to it, as close as possible, wind 43 turns for the secondary. The tickler, L3, may be spider-web, Lorenz or any other form of winding, consisting of 28 turns of No. 20 single silk covered wire on a 2 1/4" diameter form 2 1/4" high. Lorenz (double weave) winding may be used throughout, with the same mean diameter preserved, with larger wire used only for L1 and L2. No. 18 double cotton covered wire is good for

this purpose. The tickler should have finer wire, as previously described. But when the larger wire is used for L1L2, add four more turns than those specified. I used a solenoid, the Arc Tri-Tuner.

Other Parts in Set.
The grid condenser C2 is of the fixed type, .00025 mfd. capacity. R1 is a variable grid leak, connected from the grid post of the detector tube socket to the filament plus post of that socket, which means, in this case, to "A" battery positive. C3 is a by-pass, .001 mfd., used as a fixed condenser. J1 is a double-circuit jack. The wiring diagram may be used for employing this system of audio-amplification on any set, either the detector tube or crystal.

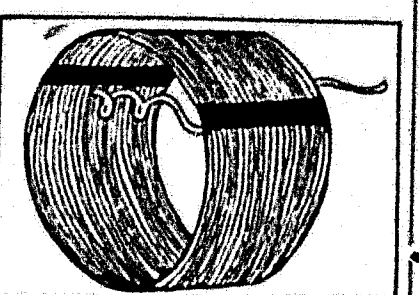
R7 is a 15-ohm rheostat for UV201A or C301A tubes, or 20 ohms for the Sodiion tube. If the Sodiion is used the grid return of this tube should be to the negative and the detector tube rheostat be placed in the negative lead, instead of the positive. This holds true also for the UV200 and C200 tubes. The audio tubes should be UV201A or C301A, although WD11 or WE12 tubes, as well as UV199 and C200, may be used throughout with somewhat less volume.

Rheostats to Use.
In the audio part of the circuit C4, .001 mfd. fixed condenser, is optional. The coupling condensers are .005 mfd., as designated. One rheostat, 6 ohms, designated R2, controls all three audio tubes. Thus when one desires to listen on ear-phones only the three audio tubes may be turned off by means of the rheostat R2.

Low Loss Space-Wound Coil Gives Results

The following is a description of a coil having very low electrical losses and sufficient mechanical strength to enable it to be used under the most rigid conditions. This coil eliminates two undesirable features found in other popular low loss coils, viz., the danger of short-circuiting turns as in the "basket-weave" type and the high distributed capacity as found in the "pickle-bottle" type.

Any size wire between No. 12 and 20 will be satisfactory for winding the coil. However, it is recommended that No. 18 or 19 be used if possible. Obtain a bottle whose diameter is equal to that of the coil to be constructed. From a piece of gum paper tape cut out three strips 5-10 inch wide and approximately three times as long as the finished coil is to be. Several rubber bands will come in handy here to hold the tape strips on the bottle while the wire is being wound on.

Efficient Form of Inductance, Coil
Space-Wound, Self-Supporting.

The turns should be spaced by a string which is wound on along with the wire. Ordinary wrapping twine will be satisfactory for the smaller wire, but something bigger should be used for the larger sizes. When the correct number of turns have been wound on, fasten the end of the wire by another rubber band and remove the string. Apply a thick coat of collodion on the wire over the tape strip. Allow this to dry and put on a second thin coat. Moisten the tape not covered by the wire and collodion and press down while it is still sticky. When this dries, break the bottle and remove the completed coil.—Radio News.

When Wiring May Be Cause of Distortion

Distortion in audio-frequency amplifiers is frequently the result of undesirable coupling between the input and output leads of the transformers and tubes. This condition may be caused by a high pitched whistle or squeal, or may even be present in an oscillation that is above the limit of audible vibration.

When the audio-frequency side of the set oscillates in this manner, full amplification cannot be obtained, and what does occur is badly distorted. The trouble may be overcome by several methods, one of which will be successful in nearly all cases. The element side of the set may be grounded, which will have the effect of stopping the oscillation. Another method is to reverse the leads to the primary of the first transformer.

These remedies will be unnecessary if the transformers are well separated and kept out of magnetic relation. The wire connections should be shortened to an absolute minimum.

Causes of Noise

Noises that continue in the set after the aerial has been disconnected may be caused by imperfect contact in the phone cord which becomes frayed with use. Imperfect connection to the storage battery, worn-out dry-cells and dirty contacts.

Allow Liberal Spacing When Laying Out a Set

When laying out a radio set liberal spacing should be allowed between the units. There should be at least 1 1/2 inches between tubes and amplifying transformers. This will leave about a six-inch separation between the tubes, center to center. All wires should be as short and direct as possible, especially those leading to the grid and to the plates. The return leads in the grid circuit of each amplifier tube should run from the transformer secondary to the negative terminal of the "A" battery. This method of connection places a negative bias on the grid, due to a drop in voltage in the resistance of the rheostat. This permits the use of higher plate voltage, which results in better amplification without the use of "C" batteries. Connecting the cores of the audio-amplifying transformers to the ground binding post or negative terminal of the "A" battery will help to minimize hums and increase signal strength. The effectiveness of this scheme depends upon the type of transformers. The circuit generally gives more satisfactory results if the first amplifying transformer has a higher ratio than that of the second amplifying transformer. Jacks can be used in an audio amplifier circuit so that the detector can be used alone or the detector and one stage. It is not a good plan to employ jacks in a radio frequency circuit.

DEBATE IN PRISON

A prison is, perhaps, one of the last places in which one would expect to find a weekly debating class. Yet in the prison in Leicester, England, where humane methods are being put to a complete and all-embracing test, every Monday evening forty or fifty of the inmates enter into the most interesting discussions on many of the far-reaching problems of the day. Among recent subjects thus debated have been: "Should Labor Exchanges Be Abolished?" "Can the League of Nations Prevent Future Wars?"—Incidentally, the men present were of the opinion that it could not do so—"Do Poor People Obtain Justice in Court?" and many similar ones. Yet, without, the men have to work, and work hard. Their life is far from being a bed of roses. And they are not allowed to forget that they are in a house of correction. But all the time the effort is put forth to bring out the best that is in them, instead of crushing out what little spark of manhood they may have manifested when they entered.

It has long been recognized that the suicide rate is higher among the Nordic race than among Alpine or Mediterranean peoples. Mixed peoples usually have a higher rate than either of the pure races to which they belong, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Foreigners in New York, for instance, show a higher suicide rate than in the countries from which they came. The lowest rate is found in Ireland and the highest in Saxony, while the rate varies in different parts of France according to the racial composition of the population. Among Asiatic peoples the Japanese and Chinese rates are high, while in India it is low (4.8 per 100,000). India appears to be the only country where woman suicides exceed the man. The general trend of suicide rates has been upward in the last century, but the higher rates tend to become stabilized. Germany, France, Denmark and Sweden have high rates; Britain, Norway and the Netherlands low rates.

A four-hour day in industry would be possible if workers were placed in work for which they are best fitted, in the view of Dr. Donald A. Laird of Colgate university. He so told the New York chapter of the National Association of Cost Accountants. The differences in human abilities are amazing, he said. One coal miner loads twelve times as much coal as another, while it is not rare for one salesman to sell 350 times as much goods as another. A worker may have low ability for one type of work but high ability for another. Every plant should be combed for employees with low ability and those found transferred to work for which they have more ability, he advised.

A husband sued for \$25,000 for the loss of his wife's love and got six cents. Just the same, there probably is quite a little satisfaction for a man, now and then, to find out that his wife loves him even that much.

Rather than take part in an amateur entertainment, a young man attempted to hang himself. That young man understands public sentiment well enough some day to become a successful politician.

To allay any misapprehension growing out of Mr. Clemenceau's remarks, France has assured the United States that she will pay the \$4,000,000,000 in 90 years. This comes as a great relief, to France.

A French baker has found a way to keep bread fresh for ten months. It generally applied, the fellow who buys second-day bread because it is cheaper is going to be somewhat out of luck.

All this glib talk about reforestation on the part of virtually every state in the Union reminds one of how a man rushes around to the padlock store after mending the absence of the horse.

The transmission of photographs by radio is a huge success with the exception that the portraits so far sent seem to be of persons seated on vibrating motorcycles.

Although the belief is fairly well grounded that hard work never killed anybody, there are still men who refuse to expose themselves to the risk.

According to a professor, "the automobile has made man a physical wreck." Well, it probably doesn't help him any to be run down by one.

It is at least possible to wonder whether Christiana, Norway, renamed itself Oslo to try to catch cross-wind puzzles.

Lumber is being made from sugar cane, which seems only fair. The maple has long been a source of sugar.

One nice thing about winter is that we get a fresh batch of weather every day.

CANTON

W. H. Wyman and family of North Abington, Mass., are stopping for a time at their summer home, "The Ledges."

The Misses Arlene and Iva Russell of Brockton, Mass., are spending their vacation with their father, A. F. Russell and family.

Canton fair will be held on Sept. 1, 2 and 3.

Prof. and Mrs. Charles C. Hutchins of Brunswick have been guests of his sister, Mrs. Lucy A. Hutchins.

A social dance was held at Lakeside, Wednesday evening.

James E. Philson of Auburn preached at the Universalist Church, Sunday.

Rev. E. H. Byington and child of West Roxbury, Mass., have been guests of Mrs. Blanche Richardson and family.

The Eyrings summured at Pinewood Camp for six years.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Newman of Auburn were week end guests of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lucas.

Miss Lida Abbott left for the West Friday, to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Marion A. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer P. Copeland of Massachusetts are guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. C. Corlies, and family.

Miss Mildred Richardson returned Monday to her duties at Fairview Hospital, Great Barrington, Mass.

Forty of the Pinewood Camp guests enjoyed a picnic at the grove at the foot of Lake Anasagunticook, Sunday afternoon.

The Misses Mildred and Ruth Richardson visited schoolmates at Turner, Thursday.

Mrs. Frank W. Morse has been to Boston to meet her daughter, Dorothy, who has been a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Schaffer, at Naugatuck, Conn.

Mrs. Ethel Guding has returned home from a visit in Massachusetts.

An all-day meeting of the Ladies' Aid was held at the vestry, Thursday.

Carl Howes of Portland has been a guest of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Tirrell.

Mrs. Hazel Ray and children have been guests of her mother, Mrs. Lina Ledy, of Peru.

Junior Johnson is employed in a garage at Ogunquit.

Clare Johnson, Chas. A. Ray, Ansel Ellis and Herschel Ellis have been enjoying a trip to the White Mountains.

A social and entertainment was enjoyed after the meeting of Evergreen Chapter, O. E. S., Tuesday evening. Refreshments were served.

Edward Richardson took a party of guests to the "Balsams," Wednesday, in the recently purchased Pierce Arrow car of the Pinewood Camps.

A dance was held at Pinewood Camp, Saturday evening, guests from Green Acres being invited.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Newman of Auburn and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Towle and son, John, of Dixfield have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lucas.

People at Pinewood Camp enjoyed a hare and bound chase last week. Three "hares" led the way up the steepest ascent to the top of Thru Mt., followed by thirteen hounds, who felt that they earned the nice supper awaiting them on the summit and did ample justice to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett of Auburn have been guests of Mrs. Eunice Oldham and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew P. York.

Miss Thelma Bicknell returned home Friday from the Ste. Marie Hospital, where she has been for some time.

Miss Abbie C. Bicknell spent a most enjoyable day on her birthday last Saturday, receiving many callers, gifts, flowers, candy and over seventy post cards and letters of good wishes and congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bisbee and Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Bisbee and three children of Auburn spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stevens are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a nine pound son, Saturday.

Mrs. Julia Adams and W. O. Hayden went to Quincy, Mass., Monday, to attend the funeral of their grandmother, Mrs. Mary Caldwell, who died Saturday after a long illness.

Sixteen of the Canton Point people attended visitors day at the church of Rev. Eleanor Forbes at West Paris, Sunday.

The Misses Mildred and Ruth Richardson attended the session of the 1916 class of Leavitt Institute at the cottage of Harry Haylow, Bear Pond, Sunday. The party went to Lewiston in the evening and attended the theatre.

RADIO PROGRAMS

Westinghouse Radio Station WBZ
333.3 Meters, 900 Kilocycle
Springfield, Mass.

THURSDAY

6 P. M. Lee Reisman's Hotel Lenox ensemble.

6.30 P. M. Results of baseball games played by the Eastern, American and National leagues.

7.30 P. M. Broadcast direct from New York of concert by the United States marine band with stations WRC, WJZ and WGY.

9 P. M. Clara Hancock, coloratura soprano, accompanied by Wilhelmina Wagner.

9.15 P. M. Pauline Taylor, violinist.

9.30 P. M. Market report as furnished by the United States department of agriculture at Boston.

9.50 P. M. Baseball results of games played by the Eastern, American and National leagues.

9.55 P. M. Arlington time signals and official U. S. weather reports; missing persons description.

FRIDAY

6 P. M. Dinner concert by Hotel Kimball trio, under the direction of Jan Geertz, broadcast direct from the Hotel Kimball dining room.

6.30 P. M. Results of baseball games played by the Eastern, American and National leagues.

8 P. M. Henry G. Bacon, Yachtman, accompanied by Miss Snyder.

8.15 P. M. Readings by Gladys Smith Bridgman.

8.30 P. M. Bill Boyle's entertainers.

9 P. M. Concert by Mabelle E. Gray, contralto, accompanied by Mrs. Barbara H. Rogers.

9.15 P. M. Concert by J. Marshall Clark, lyric tenor, accompanied by Marguerite MacDonald Rist.

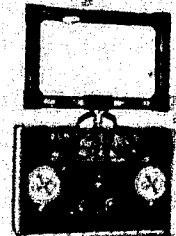
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Records of the railroads here and abroad show that America still leads all other countries in the matter of service and speed of its passenger trains.

Radiola



Super-Heterodyne PORTABLE

With built-in loudspeaker and space inside for the batteries. A real Radiola Super-Heterodyne built into a suitcase. No antenna or ground needed!

Radiola 24
Entirely complete except batteries \$195

Convenient Terms

Crockett's Garage
Bethel, Maine

GOLF

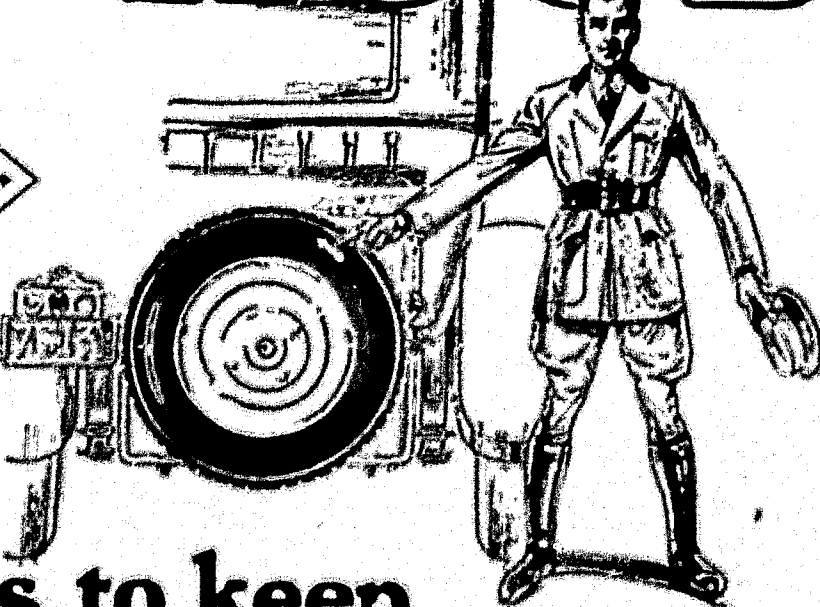
Clubs Bags Balls

Morly Yello Golf Tees

G. L. Thurston

BETHEL, MAINE

HOOD



It pays to keep the car well shod!

Every time you buy a Hood Tire you get a whole shoe of New England integrity with it—and that means a lot more to your comfort and pocketbook than just rubber and canvas!

Central Service Station

J. B. Chapman, Prop.

BETHEL, MAINE

SO BIG

(BY EDNA FERBER)

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY CLARK AGNEW

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Introducing "So Big" (Dirk DeJong) in his infancy. And his mother, Selma DeJong, daughter of Simeon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Selma DeJong, daughter of fortune, lives in the "big" house, a large, conventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable. A school her name is Julie Hempel, daughter of August Hempel, butcher. Simeon is killed in a quarrel with his own son, and Selma, nineteen years old and practically destitute, becomes a school-teacher.

CHAPTER II.—Selma secures a position as teacher at a High Prairie school. In the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Kians Pool. In High Prairie, twelve years old, son of Kians, Selma perceives a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like herself.

CHAPTER III.—The monotonous life of a country school-teacher at that time, Selma, brightened somewhat by the companionship of the sensitive, artistic boy Dirk.

CHAPTER IV.—Selma hears gossip concerning the affection of the "widow" Peake, rich and good-looking, for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer, who is inseparable to the widow's affections. For a community "society" Selma prepares a lunch basket, dainty, but not of ample proportions, which is "refused," according to custom. The smallness of the lunch box excites derision, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited, Selma, however, securing it for \$10, a ridiculously high price for such a trifling article, which Selma and Dirk share together, the school-teacher arranging to instruct the good-natured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

CHAPTER V.—Propinquity, in their positions of "teacher" and "pupil," and Selma's loneliness in her unconventional surroundings, lead to mutual affection. Pervus DeJong wins Selma's consent to be his wife.

so two years went—three years—four. In the fourth year of Selma's marriage she suffered the loss of her one woman friend in High Prairie. Maartje Pool died in childbirth, as was so often the case in this region where a Gamphish midwife acted as obstetrician. The child, too, had not lived. Death had not been kind to Maartje Pool. It had brought neither peace nor youth to her life, as it often does. Selma, looking down at the strangely still figure that had been so active, bustling, realized that for the first time in the years she had known her she was seeing Maartje Pool at rest. It seemed incredible that she could lie there, the infant in her arms, while the house was filled with people and there were chairs to be handed, space to be cleared, food to be cooked and served. Sitting there with the other High Prairie women Selma had a hideous feeling that Maartje would suddenly rise up and take things in charge; rub and scratch with capable fingers the spatters of dried mud on Kians Pool's black trousers (he had been in the yard to see to the horses); quiet the loud wailing of Gertrude and Joana; pass her guarded hand over Dirk's wide-awake eyes, wipe the film of dust from the parlor table that had never known a speck during her regime.

"You can't run far enough," Maartje had said. "Except you stop living you can't run away from life."

Well, she had run far enough this time. Dirk was sixteen now, Gertrude twelve, Joana eleven. What would this household do now, Selma wondered, without the woman who had been so faithful a slave to it? Who would keep the pigsties no longer glistening in clean gingham and decent square-toed shoes? Who, when Kians broke out in rumbling Dutch wrath against what he termed Dirk's "rubbish" ways, would say, "Oh, Pool, leave the boy alone once. He does 'nothing' who would keep Kians himself in order, took his meals, wash his clothes, iron his shirts, take a pride in the great ruddy childlike giant?"

Kians answered these questions just one month later by marrying the Widow Parlieren. High Prairie was rocked with surprise. For months this marriage was the talk of the district. So inimitable was High Prairie's curiosity that every scrap of news was swallowed at a gulp. When the word went round of Dirk's flight from the farm, no one knew where it served only as sauce to the great dish of gossip.

Selma had known. Pervus was away at the market when Dirk had knocked at the farmhouse door one night at eight, had turned the knob and entered, as usual. But there was nothing of the usual about his appearance. He wore his best suit—his first suit of store clothes, bought at the time of his mother's funeral. It never had fitted him; now it was grotesquely small for him. He had shot up amazingly in the last eight or nine months. Yet there was nothing of the ridiculous about him as he stood there before her now, tall, lean, dark. He put down his cheap yellow suitcase.

"Well, Dirk?"

"I'm going away. I couldn't stay."

"Why?"

"Chicago, maybe." He was terribly moved, as he made his long casual. "They came home last night."

I have got some books that belong to you." He made as though to open the suitcase.

"No, no! Keep them."

"Good-by." "Good-by, Dirk?" She took the boy's dark head in her two hands and, standing on tip-toe, kissed him. He turned to go. "Wait a minute. Wait a minute." She had a few dollars—in quarters, dimes, half dollars—perhaps ten dollars in all—hidden away in a canister on the shelf. She reached for it. But when she came back with the box in her hand he was gone.

Chapter VII

Dirk was eight; Little Sobig DeJong, in a suit made of bean-sacking sewed together by his mother. A brown blond boy with mosquito bites on his legs and his legs never still. Nothing of the dreamer about this lad. The one-room schoolhouse of Selma's day had been replaced by a two-story brick structure, very fine, of which High Prairie was justly proud. The rusty iron stove had been dethroned by a central heater. Dirk went to school from October until June. Pervus protested that this was foolish. The boy could be of great help in the fields from the beginning of April to the first of November, but Selma fought savagely for his schooling, and won.

"Sobig isn't a truck farmer," "Well, he will be pretty soon. Time I was fifteen I was running our place." Verbal Selma did not combat this. But within her every fibre was gathering to fight it when the time should come. Her Sobig a truck farmer, a slave to the soil, bent by it, beaten by it, blasted by it, so that he, in time, like the other men of High Prairie, would take on the very look of the rocks and earth among which they toiled.

Dirk, at eight, was a none too handsome child, considering his father and mother—or his father and mother as they had been. It was not until he was seventeen or eighteen that he was to metamorphose suddenly into a graceful and aristocratic youngster with an indefinable look about him of distinction and actual elegance. Selma was a farm woman now, nearing thirty. The work rode her as it had ridden Maartje Pool. In the DeJong yard there was always a dodo of washing. Faded overalls, a shirt, socks, a boy's drawers grotesquely patched and mended, towels of rough sacking. She, too, rose at four, snatched up shapeless garments, invested herself with them, seized her great coil of fine cloudy hair, twisted it into a utilitarian knob and skewered it with a hairpin from which the varnish had long departed, leaving it a dull gray, thrust her slim feet into simple shoes, dabbed her face with cold water, hurried to the kitchen stove. The work was always at her heels, its breath hot on her neck.

Seeing her thus one would have thought that the Selma Peake of the winered cashmere, the fun-loving disposition, the high-spirited courage, had departed forever. But these things still persisted. For that matter, even the winered cashmere clung to existence. So hopelessly old-fashioned now as to be almost picturesque, it hung in Selma's closet like a rose memory. Sometimes when she came upon it in an orgy of cleaning she would pass her rough hands over its soft folds and by that magic process Mrs. Pervus DeJong vanished in a puff and in her place was the girl Selma Peake, perched a titling on a soap box in Adam's dress suit while all High Prairie, open-mouthed, looked on as the impetuous Mrs. DeJong threw ten hard-earned dollars at her feet.

It would be gratifying to be able to record that in these early years Selma had been able to work wonders on the DeJong farm; that the house glittered, the crops thrived richly, the barn housed sleek cattle. But it could not be truthfully said. True, she had achieved some changes, but at the cost of terrible effort. A less formidable woman would have sunk into apathy years before. The house had a coat of paint—lead gray, because it was cheapest. There were two horses—the best and a broken-down old mare, blind in one eye, that they had picked up for five dollars after it had been turned out to pasture for future sale as horse carcass. A month of rest and pasturing restored the mare to usefulness. Selma had made the bargain, and Pervus had accepted her remedy for it. Now she drove the mare to market, saw that she carried more sturdily than the other horse, but had never restricted it was no quality of weakness in him. Pervus merely was like that.

But the most distressing! That had been the day of the achievement. Her plan, spoken of to Pervus in the first month of her marriage, had taken

years to mature; even now was but a partial triumph. She had even descended to nagging.

"Why don't we put in asparagus?" "Asparagus?" considered something of a luxury, and rarely included in the High Prairie truck farmer's products. "And wait three years for a crop!"

"Yes, but then we'd have it. And a plantain's good for ten years, once it's started. I've been reading up on it. The new way is to plant asparagus in rows, the way you would rhubarb or corn. Plant six feet apart, and four acres anyway."

He was not even sufficiently interested to be amused. "Yeh, four acres where? In the clay land, maybe?" He did laugh then, if the short bitter sound he made could be construed as indicating mirth. "Out of a book."

"In the clay land," Selma urged, crisply. "And out of a book. That west sixteen isn't bringing you anything, so what difference does it make if I'm wrong? Let me put my own money into it, I've thought it all out, Pervus. Please. We'll underdrain the clay soil. Just five or six acres, to start. We'll manage it heavily—as much as we can afford—and then for two years we'll plant potatoes there. We'll put in our asparagus plants the third spring—only one old seedling. I'll promise to keep it weeded—Dirk and I. He'll be a big boy by that time. Let me try it, Pervus. Let me try."

In the end she had her way, partly because Pervus was too occupied with his own endless work to oppose her; and partly because he, in his un-demonstrative way, still in love with his vivacious, nimble-witted, high-spirited wife, thought to her frantic goings and doings he was as phlegmatically oblivious as an elephant to a pin prick.

Though she worked as hard as any woman in High Prairie, had as little, dressed as badly, he still regarded her as a luxury; an exquisite toy which, in a moment of madness, he had taken for himself. "Little Lina"—tolerantly, fondly. You would have thought that he spoiled her, pampered her. Perhaps he even thought he did.

That was Pervus. Thrifty, like his kind, but unlike them in shrewdness. Penny wise, pound foolish, a characteristic that brought him his death. September, usually a succession of golden days and lazy opulent evenings on the Illinois prairie land, was disastrously cold and rainy that year. Pervus' great frame was racked by rheumatism. He was forty now, and, even still of magnificent physique, so that to see him suffering gave Selma the pang of pity that one has at sight of the very strong or the very weak in pain. He drove the weary miles to market three times a week, for September was the last big month of the truck farmer's season. Selma would watch him drive off down the road in the creaking old market wagon, the green stuff protected by canvas, but Pervus wet before ever he climbed into the seat. There never seemed to be enough waterproof canvas for both.

"Pervus, take it off those racks and put it over your shoulders." "That's them white gloves onions. The last of 'em. I can get a fancy price for them, but not if they're all wetted down."

"Don't sleep on the wagon tonight, Pervus. Sleep in. Be sure. It saves in the end. You know the last time you were laid up for a week." "I'll clear, breaking now over there in the west." The clouds did break late in the afternoon; the false sun came out hot and bright. Pervus slept out in the Haymarket, for the night was close and humid. At midnight the lake wind sprang up, cold and treacherous, and with it came the rain again. Pervus was drenched by morning, chilled thoroughly miserable. A hot cup of coffee at four and another at ten when the rush of trading was over stimulated him but little. When he reached home it was mid-afternoon. Selma put him to bed against his half-hearted protest. Blanketed him with hot water jars, a hot iron wrapped in flannel at his feet. But later came fever instead of the expected relief of perspiration. He thought he was, he looked more ruddy and hale than most men in High Prairie, but suddenly Selma, startled, saw black lines like gashes etched under his eyes, about his mouth, in his cheeks.

In a day when pneumonia was rampant on both sides and in a locality where almost three winters ago a good deal of trouble had been caused by a case of pneumonia, Pervus' fate was no longer a surprise. He died at four, leaving Selma alone in the world. The doctor had said that the fever was a bad sign, but he had not said that the fever was a bad sign.

"He's breathing so—!" She could not bring herself to say, "So terribly." The sound of his words wrung her as did the sound of his terrible breathing.

Perhaps the most poignant and touching feature of the days that followed was not the sight of this stricken giant, lying majestic and aloof in his unwashed black; nor of the boy Dirk, unreasoned and excited; nor of the shabby little farm that seemed to shrink and dwindle into further insignificance beneath the sudden poverty that had come. No, it was the sight of Selma, widowed, but having no time for despair. The farm was there; it must be tended. Illness, death, sorrow—the garden must be tended, the vegetables pulled, hauled to market, sold. Upon the garden de-



"He's Breathing So—!" She Could Not Bring Herself to Say, "So Terribly."

pend the boy's future, and here. For the first few days following the funeral one or another of the neighboring farmers drove the DeJong team to market, added the blundering Jan to the fields. But each and his hands full with his own farm work. On the fifth day Jan Steen had to take the garden truck to Chicago, though not without many misgivings on Selma's part, all of which were realized when he returned late next day with half the load still on his wagon and a sum of money representing exactly zero in profits.

Selma was standing in the kitchen doorway, Jan in the yard with the team. She turned her face toward the fields. An observant person (Jan Steen was not one of these) would have noted the singularly determined and clear-cut jaw line of this drably called farm woman.

"I'll go myself Monday."

"Jan started. 'Go? Go where, Monday?'

"To market." At this seeming prosaic Jan Steen smiled uncertainly, shrugged his shoulders, and was off to the barn. She was always saying things that didn't make sense. His horror and unbelief were shared by the rest of High Prairie when on Monday Selma literally took the reins in her own slim work-worn hands.

"To market!" argued Jan as excitedly as his phlegmatic nature would permit. "A woman she don't go to market. A woman—"

"This woman does." Selma had risen at three in the morning. Not only that, she had got Jan up, grumbling. Dirk had joined them in the fields at five. Together the three of them had pulled and bunched a wagon load of "size them," Selma ordered, as they started to bunch radishes, beets, turnips, carrots. "And don't leave them loose like that. Tie them tight at the heads, like this. Twice around with the string, and through. Make bouquets of them, not bunches. And we're going to scrub them."

Selma, scrubbing the carrots vigorously under the pump, thought they emerged from their unaccustomed bath looking like clustered spears of pure gold. Jan, by now, was sullen with bewilderment. He refused to believe that she actually intended to carry out her plan. A woman—a High Prairie farmer's wife—driving to market like a man! Alone at night in the market place—or at best in one of the cheap rooming houses! By Sunday somehow, mysteriously, the news had filtered through the district. A fine state of things, and she a widow of a week! High Prairie called at the DeJong farm on Sunday afternoon and was told that the widow was over in the wet west sixteen, poking about with the boy Dirk at her heels.

By Monday afternoon the parlor curtains of every High Prairie farmhouse that faced the Haymarket road were agitated as though by a brisk wind between the hours of three and five, when the market wagons were to be seen moving toward Chicago.

Selma, having loaded the wagon in the yard, surveyed it with some sparkle in her eye when Dirk DeJong would have appeared in a widow of little more than a week. They had picked and bunched only the best of the late crop. Selma stepped back and regarded the lot of crimson and green, of white and gold and purple.

"Aren't they beautiful! Dirk, aren't they beautiful!" Dirk, cowering in his excitement at the prospect of the trip before him, shook his head impatiently.

"I don't know what you mean. Let's go, mother. Aren't we going now? You said as soon as the load was on."

"Oh, Sobig, you're just exactly like your—"

"Like my what?"

"Well go now, son. There's cold meat for your supper, Jan, and potatoes all sliced for frying and half an apple pie left from noon. You ought to get in the rest of the squash and pumpkins by evening. Maybe I can sell the lot instead of taking them in by the load. I'll see a commission man. Take care, if I have to."

She had dressed the boy in his home-made suit cut down from one of his father's. He wore a wide-brimmed straw hat which he hated. Selma herself, in a full-skirted black-stuff dress, mounted the wagon lightly, took up the reins, looked down at the boy seated

beside her, clucked to the horses. Jan Steen gave vent to a final outraged howl.

"Never in my life did I hear of such a thing!"

Selma turned the horses' heads toward the city. "You'd be surprised, Jan, to know of all the things you're going to hear of some day that you've never heard of before." Still, when twenty years had passed and the Ford, the phonograph, the radio, and the rural mail delivery had dumped the world at Jan's plodding feet he liked to tell of that momentous day when Selma DeJong had driven off to market like a man with a wagon load of hand-scrubbed garden truck and the boy Dirk perched peevishly on the seat.

If, then, you had been traveling the Haymarket road, you would have seen a decrepit wagon, vegetable laden, driven by a too-thin woman, sallow, bright-eyed, in a shapeless black dress, a battered black felt hat that looked like a man's old "fedora" and probably was. On the seat beside her you would have seen a farm boy of nine or thereabouts—a brown freckle-faced lad in a comically home-made suit of clothes and a straw hat with a broken and flopping brim which he was forever jerking off only to have it set firmly on again by the woman who seemed to fear the effects of the hot afternoon sun on his close-cropped head.

At their feet was the dog Pom, a mongrel whose tail bore no relation to his head, whose ill-assorted legs appeared wholly at variance with his sturdy barrel of a body. He dozed now, for it had been his duty to watch the wagon load at night, while Pervus slept.

A shabby enough little outfit, but magnificent, too. Here was Selma DeJong, driving up the Haymarket road toward the city instead of sitting, black-robed, in the farm parlor while High Prairie came to condole. In Selma, as they jogged along the hot dusty way, there welled up a feeling very like elation. More than ten years ago she had driven with Kians Pool up that same road for the first time, and in spite of the recent tragedy of her father's death, her youth, her loneliness, the terrifying thought of the new home to which she was going, a stranger among strangers, she had been conscious of a warm little thrill of elation, of excitement—of adventure! That was it. "The whole thing's just a grand adventure," her father, Simeon Peake, had said. And now the sensations of that day were repeating themselves. Now, as then, she took stock. Youth was gone, but she had health, courage; a boy of nine; twenty-five acres of worn-out farm land; dwelling and outhouses in a bad state of repair; and a gay adventuresome spirit that was never to die, though it led her into curious places and she often found, at the end, only a track, less waste from which she had to retrace her steps painfully. But always, to her, red and green cabages were to be made and burgundy, chrysopras and porphyry. Life has no weapons against a woman like that.

Down the hot dusty country road. She was serious enough now. The cost of the funeral to be paid. The doctor's bill. Jan's wages. All the expenses, large and small, of the poor little farm holding.

On down the road. Here a head at a front room window. There a woman's called figure standing in the doorway. Mrs. Vander Bijde on the porch, fanning her flushed face with her apron; Cornelia Snip in the yard pretending to tie up the drooping stalks of the golden flax and eyeing the approaching team with the avid gossip's gaze. To these Selma waved, bowed, called.

"How d'you do, Mrs. Vander Bijde!" A prim reply to this salutation. Disapproval writ large on the farm-wife's flushed face.

"Hello, Cornelia!" A pretended start, notable for its bad acting. "Oh, is it you, Mrs. DeJong! Sun's in my eyes. I couldn't think it was you like that."

Women's eyes, hostile, cold, peering. Five o'clock. Six. The boy climbed over the wheel, filled a tin pail with water at a farmhouse well. They ate a drink as they rode along, for there was no time to lose.

The boy had started out bravely enough in the heat of the day, sitting up very straight beside his mother, calling to the horses, shrieking and waving his arms at chickens that flew squeaking across the road. Now he began to droop.

"Sobig, Sobig?" "No," Sobig said not. His lips were heavy. She wrapped the old black fascinator about him. In the twilight the dust gleamed white on weeds, and brush, and grass. The far-off mellow romance of a cowbell. Horses' hoofs clapping up behind them, a wagon passing in a cloud of dust, a curious backward glance, or a greeting exchanged.

One of the Orens boys, or Jakob Bonamama. "You're never going to market, Mrs. DeJong!" starting with china-blue eyes at her load.

"Yes, I am, Mr. Bonamama."

"That ain't work for a woman, Mrs. DeJong. You better stay home and let the men folk go."

Selma's men folk looked up at her—one with the asking eyes of a child, one with the trusting eyes of a dog. "The men folk are going," answered Selma. But then, they had always thought her a little queer, so it didn't matter much.

She urged the horses on, refusing to confess to herself her dread of the destination which they were approaching. Lights now, in the houses along the way, and those houses closer together. The boy slept. Night had come on.

The figure of the woman dropped a little now, as the old wagon creaked on toward Chicago. A very small figure in the black dress and a shawl over her shoulders. She had taken off her old black felt hat. The breeze ruffled her hair that was fine and soft, and it made a little halo about the white face that gleamed almost luminously in the darkness as she turned it up toward the sky.

"I'll sleep out with Sobig in the wagon. It won't hurt either of us. It will be warm in town, there in the Haymarket. Twenty-five cents—maybe fifty for the two of us, in the rooming house. Fifty cents just to sleep. It takes hours of work in the fields to make fifty cents."

She drove along in the dark, a dowdy farm woman in shapeless garments, just a bundle on the rocky seat of a decrepit truck wagon. The lights of the city came nearer. She was blinking clearly, if disconnectedly, without bitterness, without reproach.

"My father was wrong. He said that life was a great adventure—a fine show. He said the more things that happen to you the richer you are, even if they're not pleasant things. That's living, he said. No matter what happens to you, good or bad, it's just as much—what was that word he used?—so much—oh, yes—velvet. Just so much velvet. Well, it isn't true. He had brains, and charm, and knowledge and he died in a gambling house, shot while looking on at someone else who was to have been killed. . . . Now we're on the cobblestones. Will Dirk wake up? My little Sobig. . . . No, he's asleep. Asleep on a pile of potato sacks because his mother thought that life was a grand adventure—a fine show—and that you took it as it came. A lie! I've taken it as it came and made the best of it. That isn't the way. You take the best, and make the most of it. . . . Thirty-fifth street, that was. Another hour and as half to reach the Haymarket. . . . I'm not afraid. After all, you just sell your vegetables for what you can get. . . . Well, it's going to be different. With him, I mustn't call him Sobig any more. He doesn't like it. Dirk. That's a fine name. Dirk DeJong. . . . So drifting along for him, I'll see that he starts with a plan, and follows it. He'll have every chance. Every chance. Too late for me, now, but he'll be different. . . . Twelfth. . . . Look at all the people! . . . I'm enjoying this. No use denying it. I'm enjoying this. Just as I enjoyed driving along with Kians Pool that evening, years and years ago. Scared, but enjoying it. Perhaps I oughtn't to be—but that's hypocritical and sneaking. Why not, if I really do enjoy it! I'll wake him. . . . Dirk! Dirk, we're almost there. Look at all the people, and the lights. We're almost there."

The boy woke, raised himself from his bed of sack, looked about, blinked, sank back again and curled into a ball. "Don't want to see the lights. . . . people."

He was asleep again. Selma guided the horses skillfully through the downtown streets. They were within two blocks of the Haymarket, on Wacker street.

"Dirk! Come, now. Come up here with mother." Grumbling, he climbed to the seat, yawned, unknuckled his eyes, rubbed his knuckles into his eyes.

Soon he was awake, and looking about him interestedly. They turned into the Haymarket. The wagons were streaming in from the German creek farms that lay to the north of Chicago, as well as from the Dutch farms that lay to the southwest, whence Selma came. Fruits and vegetables—tons of it—acres of it—piled in the wagons that blocked the historic market. Through this little section, and South Water street that lay to the east, passed all the constant growing things that fed Chicago's millions. Something at this came to Selma as she maneuvered her way through the throng. She felt a little thrill of significance, of achievement. She knew the spot she was passing for her own. It was just across the way from Chris Spanknobel's restaurant, rooming house, and saloon. Chris knew her; had known Pervus for years and his father before him; would be kind to her and the boy in case of need.

Dirk was wide awake now; excited, excited. He called to the horses; stood up in the wagon; but clung closer to her as they found themselves in the thick of the mules.

"Here's a good place, mother. Here's there's a lot of that wagon like this." Yes, hearing his name, stood up, wagged a brown tail, barked sharply. "Down, Pom! Quiet, Pom!" She did not want to attract attention to herself and the boy. It was still early. She had made excellent time. Pervus had often slept in snatches as he drove there, and the horses had lagged, but Selma had urged them on tonight. Halfway down the block Selma spotted the place she wanted. From the opposite direction came a truck farmer's cart obviously making for the same stand. For the first time that night Selma drew the whip out of its socket and clipped sharply her surprised mare.

With a start and a shudder they broke into an awkward lops. Ten seconds too late the German farmer perceived her intention, whipped up his own team, arrived at the spot just as Selma, blocking the way, prepared to back into the vacant space.

"Heh, get out of there you—!" roared; then, for the first time, he noticed that his rival was a woman. He stared, stared open-mouthed, tried other tactics. "You can't go in there, woman!"

"Oh, yes I can!" She answered, leaning dangerously.

To be continued.

